# Finally Free

## *A Book Of Poems*

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## A Picture of Addiction

Sinister hair flows over his solemn top.
Busy eyebrows that hide his dark eyes
Those troubled eyes
Express what he keeps locked inside.

I stare at his fine nose:
What a striking feature
So many memories
Of joy and sorrow
And my unconvinced life,
And a child who is adult now…
By just a glimpse at this picture

Once his pink lips
Now they are dried,
Cracked and drab
Payable to his lies
But I need him more than ever.

Fantasies of a bond,
Only with my closed eyes
A life so harsh
Hides a reality he denies.
His life I can't understand,
His suit seems strong, but
I wash my hands.

An existence I cannot experience,
But I accept.
To make the right decision,
I'm not ready for a life of despair and resent.

This child should not have to care,
Deluding this little girl is hard,
And still I rest by his side.
His absence, my companion
My father's eyes overturn
And stare at his infinite fight for freedom
But his flesh, with me, will never share.

## The Adversary in Me

The rage inside,
I keep it caged
Behind thick, cold, hard
Steel bars that won't break.
But this vicious, fierce, and evil
Animal cracks a squeak as it sneaks.

For when it comes out, it
Roars like a lion.
Fears rip the will of doubt
In men and their manes
I cut off as they
Roll into the fire.
The casualties of my cruel desires

This blood that runs
Is not of the lamb.
In my black veins, a stench that
Boils to a point of deep
Blue, orange and red.
No light in this place of pain

I smirk as it starts, and sparks
In you.  You cannot wage
A war against this conscious raid.
I am unconscious, and lifeless,
And with uncontrolled, explosive eyes
I go wander, waiting to devour the next soul.

## Doom

White magic surpasses the dark truth
Sets one's mind and soul free
Unveils reality that hurts
Heals the blind so that one can see.

Wonders beyond your beliefs,
Foolish for many years
A kiss, a hand, sleep — no longer needed,
But as it screams in your ears, the truth awakens.

This existence forcing through
Like rays of sun light which burn a black hole;
Flame my candle
Dim the heavens.

As it rotates, it blows like wind through your soul;
Intertwined in the mind
As this blizzard of pain
Paints your blood filled eyes.

Then divine sounds of thunder
Slam on drums to ignite —
The death that drips on the souls
Trapped in a wink of an eye.

Last breath, his words slipping.
A journey that took years.
Uninvited to his service
Judgment day is here.

## Dreaming

Where sorrow faces drip
And ooze like liquid flip
The brood.  And naked people
In despair find happiness.
Where lost gazes connect
And act out the mysteries untold by my soul.

Chit chat with folks,
And friends, and even foes
Secrets reveal and heal the
Stress, sorrow, regret, and anger;
These stories that molded my heartache
Instantly resolve and dissolve into nothing.

I prance and play in this rendezvous
I pass the time away, and I watch it wash away in the rain.
And in this square I dove like an orphan in a familiar home.
I roll over and lay and hope this day turns out okay.

## A Surrendered Sacrifice

My mind ejects, my soul then connects
For an instant, but I shake it off and let it go.
I try to escape and in this blurry place
I run through in search of balance.
Set me free; you owe me this.
I need to feel; I need to breathe
Is there life out there for me?

You don't think I deserve a slice
Of peace, but I know I do.
Hell made a mistake.
Unlike what you say,
I have paid my share —
A high bid and above all costs;
Those have paved my way.

My smiles compromised, and
Traded for a slippery coating of blackness
As these drops of sorrow and pain
Still rise like the sun every day.
Happiness left me at a young age.
My childhood thrown away far into outer space
An in this busy city indefinite loneliness finds me again.

And again I was lied to.
Like the moon and stars that illuminate the sky
I sit and glare and beg
As their twinkled stares reach back in into my eyes.
Maybe they'll find me a place to hide,
And fight what brings pain and despair in my life.
Maybe they'll see what truly lies inside.

## Paranoia

It hunts for you;
It's never late.
Like a beast in the wilderness,
Your heart beats: it listens to as you are its prey.

Can you redeem yourself?
Gods will punish you;
In search of your mane as they descend
From the heavens. "Is my flesh worthy of saving?"
This you ask.

You feel wasted and frightful
As the sounds around you become like death.
Death watching you
As you dribble and hide.

It pulls your hair
As the hairs on your neck quickly rise.
You turn around and it inhales
Your last gasps for air.
Nowhere to run to
This you must accept.

This black cloud of terror and regret
Like a dull knife
Your useless screams bounce right back
As you try to stab at its chest.
But it's the end.

## Blue Bliss

Buried deep in white ice
His frozen heart still beats.
Even bargained water, food, sleep,
For this voyage put
Him in a chill mood,
Just for a while.

A daily routine,
Simply by all means:
Where there a No children, No wives, No noise, No disease to treat
As his illusion rendered him control
Of his ship.  There he was the captain
Of his rocky and choppy dream.

There was never a quest, a map, no treasure to find.
His whole life — a whim
Brought heavy clouds that dimmed
When sunlight only wanted in.  But the rain and storms
Only brought death to swiftly drift.

The second was near, and
All visions he thought were clear,
Amid the misty fog,
Caused a trip deep into the sea.
A rushed ride reached its port
Just for a while —

## Unspoken

His presence I crave;
Admired by his ink splattered chest,
I still and amazed
As I run my fingers down this smooth sculpture
Prepared to satisfy his every extent.

My heart comes out of its shell
He hears my breathing
Deeper and deeper; I am quickly
Loosing myself in his strength so endearing.

We dance like the colors in the sunset,
Hand in hand, like the ocean and sand.
I feel safe, I feel warmth and I feel complete for instant.
He opens up my tolerance, so I can digest
His deep love for me, and in a blind
Binds this doomed love affair.

He is my master of disguise as I
Take in who he is,
Exploring his every extremity
And with his simple whisper and a kiss
He grants me my serenity.

Leaves me wanting
Waiting,
For days that turn into nights, and
I still wait for him to come by.
An unspoken love till the end of time.

## Flying

In this passionate escape
I crash in a place, but,
Far away from all the pain,
I remain.  Don't let it get away;
Please tease me with your stay.

My alleviation to these lungs
That are not breathing.  I catch my breath
To this feeling.  I'm just another face
As my face is lowered to
A bitter and burning reality as
Sadness rips the smile of my face.

This is a fine one.
Right there — that is what I scrap for
Sleep, food, and a bath I trade
As my brains explodes and leaks
Ecstasy explains: Nothing will ever be the same.

And in a trance I dance.
Like a clown to a child,
I'm amused.
Although this time it's deadly,
I fly through and through.

My high is forever living,
Because I've already reached the dead
In my grave, my reality has manifested and
Only this can awake what's left
My addiction, my strength, my weakness.

## Little Hands Cover My Eyes

Take me to the place
Where sirens don’t ring
Where I can rest my solemn head
Where I can hear children’s voices sing
Where tea is not scorching hot
Where ice cream won’t be too cold to me
Where rainbows never end
Where cookies burn like candle scents
And sugar shapes the way of
Playgrounds that are heaven sent.

## What I Am Made of Made Of

My addiction and affliction
Grows my nails, hair, and ripened skin.
That lifestyle you hinder from
While I sit and wait and let it take over my young days.

Those you snicker your teeth at
The ones who make you cross the street
And hide from.  My flesh, my blood, and sweat
This is my family's mango tree.

Looking at these reflections of me,
I see what I am really made of.
Neither smiles nor laughs, or even funny faces,
But unspoken words stuck in countless
Ripe and dark brown tears
And unwanted traits that run through my vines inside.

They love to haunt me but still I close my eyes.
I hide them from those that like to shine.
This is where I live like a worm in an apple,
but it's still my home.
Like leaves on a branch
I just go the way the wind blows.
But this spring will bring a brighter sun and better days.

## What It Feels Like

And this is my only indulgence
As it rains down on my
Brain; and I am forgetful
Of my body as it sits and dehydrates.

My pores rip open,
For this is hot and it stings my
Heart, for it relieves all my aches.
Only when I slide down reality, do I feel pain.

I must swing around the clouds
Of smoke and I don't care to choke
When all my dreams extinguish
Like the ashes that drop from this cigarette.

When my fingers lose all strength,
My knees give and break and I feel naked.
I bow down to this numbing feeling.
Of this frozen life that's not a life worth living.

## The Orchestra

As I walk down the aisle
Toward the crowd, sitting, waiting patiently
For me like lights on a glaring street,
They hold their sparkles of silver and gold in the black
Concrete — That is my spirit.
Invite me to play a note in the sounds of the sky
As if I were a star in the night,
And I am nervous as I clear my throat.  My trembling voice
Sounds like it could fill the spaces in the moon.
I hope to conduct this symphony with no difficulty.
I am ready as this orchestra needs me.

## Hero-in

I don’t know why you chose that road
What led you to think your car couldn’t go the distance
You’re so important to me, my hero
You’re part of me.

Then how could you want to leave me
As your keys turn on the ignition,
And my condition fades from red to black
Till all my love pours out of my swollen eyes.
I shrink and shrivel dry inside.

“Forgive me, but I must leave you here
On this side road; I cannot take you with me,
The place I go, you’ll fear.”
But I can lead you to Recovery Street,
And loneliness is the only way your car goes.

Remember my innocent smile —
When you reach your destination,
And if your car takes a different highway and you get lost
My city lights will guide you home.

## Freedom Plain

Combating this deserted fairy-tale,
I actually believe: There has to
Be an end to this nightmare that I've
Accepted and embraced far too long.

As I run through the field of believing,
Weaving in and out of troubles, I
Sift through the streams for gems
Of true love and respect.

But I fail to find them.
And in this empty hole in my soul
Grows bigger and I lay down in it,
And I am tired.  I need a home.

Soon tiredness will leave me,
Soon the flowers will blossom and grow,
Soon the spring will come around
And take me home.

I am young once more,
That restless feeling is long gone,
You have saved my sinking
Pad, like a fish in a pond of lost souls.